Theſe hands ſhall never draw'em out like lightning
To blaſt whole Armies more.
Arcite. No *Palamon*,
Thoſe hopes are Priſoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youthes muſt wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age muſt finde us,
And which is heavieſt (*Palamon*) unmarried,
The ſweete embraces of a loving wife
Loden with kiſſes, armd with thouſand Cupids
Shall never claſpe our neckes, no iſſue know us,
No figures of our ſelves ſhall we ev'r ſee,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em
Boldly to gaze againſt bright armes, and ſay
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.
The faire-eyd Maides, ſhall weepe our Baniſhments,
And in their Songs, curſe ever-blinded fortune
Till ſhee for ſhame ſee what a wrong ſhe has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
We ſhall know nothing here but one another,
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.
The Vine ſhall grow, but we ſhall never ſee it:
Sommer ſhall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter muſt inhabite here ſtill.
Pal. Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,
That ſhooke the aged Forreſt with their ecchoes,
No more now muſt we halloa, no more ſhake
Our pointed Iavelyns, whilſt the angry Swine
Flyes like a parthian quiver from our rages,
Strucke with our well-ſteeld Darts: All valiant uſes.
(The ſoode, and nouriſhment of noble mindes,)
In us two here ſhall periſh; we ſhall die
(which is the curſe of honour) laſtly,
Children of greiſe, and Ignorance.
Arc. Yet Coſen,
Even from the bottom of theſe miſeries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I ſee two comforts ryſing, two meere bleſſings,
If the gods pleaſe, to hold here a brave patience,

And

And the enjoying of our gre
Whilſt *Palamon* is with me,
If I thinke this our priſon.
Pala. Certeinly,
Tis a maine goodnes Coſen, t
Were twyn'd together; tis m
Put in two noble Bodies, let'
The gaule of hazard, ſo they g
Will never ſincke, they muſt
A willing man dies ſleeping,
Arc. Shall we make wort
That all men hate ſo much?
Pal. How gentle Coſen?
Arc. Let's thinke this priſ
To keepe us from corruption
We are young and yet deſire
That liberty and common Co
The poyſon of pure ſpirits; m
Wooe us to wander from. W
Can be but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And heere
We are an endles mine to on
We are one anothers wife, ev
New birthes of love; we are
We are in one another, Fam
I am your heire, and you are
Is our Inheritance: no hard O
Dare take this from us; here
We ſhall live long, and lovin
The hand of war hurts none
Swallow their youth: were
A wife might part us lawfull
Quarrels conſume us, Envy
Crave our acquaintance, I m
Where you ſhould never kn
Without your noble hand to
Or praiers to the gods; a tho
Were we from hence, would

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.